

On the ANSWER to

# Dr WILDS POEM

UPON

## Mr. CALAMY's Imprisonment.

**G**lancing (as I pass'd) aside  
Upon a Ballad-Stall, I spy'd  
A Sheet, with Poem sprinkled o'er;  
At Sight, it seem'd like Lawyers Lore,  
With Lines that stood so thin and wide,  
As though they rated were by th' side,  
(And sure the Printer, that gave more  
Then Clerks pay for them, will be poor;)   
By this I thought, and by his Wit,  
I had the squint-ey'd Author hit;  
'Guest it the Pettyfoggers Rhime:  
But that it came forth in Term time;  
When the Green Bag, his *Pia Mater*  
Is better fraught; *John Taylor's Water*  
Is now converted into Wine;  
Th' t Poet now, can drink and dine  
On Dishes of more solid fare,  
Then the *Camelion* Sitters are;  
Or yet *Cook Lorrells*; no need steal  
*Ben Johnson's* Sweepings for a Meal:  
But I'm mistaken in the man,  
There is another in the Van  
Of Libellers, Heroick Leader,  
And (to the Sense of Female Reader)  
A Champion stout; his name let pass,  
It Rhimes to Madam *Baltinglass*,  
With whom he Cheek by Jole doth walk,  
And can do more with her than talk;  
This is the Bishops trusty *Roger*,  
That bites with Teethy Quill like *Badger*;  
He that with help of Halbert Blade,  
*Ned Bagshaw* by the Heels hath laid;  
When all his Troops of Verse and Prose,  
With all their dry and down-right Blowes  
Upon his sides, could make no dint,  
Nor more leave on them, then the print  
Of his foul Pen; This, this is he  
Tramples on *Wild* and *Calamy*  
With saucy Feet of Ballad-Meetre,  
Thin which, the stinking Souls are sweeter  
Of Ballad Singers, or the Train  
Of Match Girls out of *Rosemary Lane*:  
Some write of Poets licking Spit  
From *Homers* Lips the nasty wit  
That from his squalid Nib doth come,  
Speaks him of some such Sire to come;  
*Jack Pudding's* Chaps with Custard smear'd  
And mix'd with Candle smutted Beard,  
Not half so loathsom looks as thine;  
There's not one Muse of all the Nine  
So sluttish, but abhors to be  
Accounted Patronesse to thee.

But oh! bold *Bard* with brazen Front,  
That durst put *Hudebras* upon't!  
And filch away that Authors Fame,  
By counterfeiting of his Name;  
Not as *Bathillus* did, who put  
His Name to *Virgil's* Verses; but  
With far more impudence and shame,  
Thou hast to thine put *Virgil's* Name;  
Thus Vagabonds get Bread and Cheese  
In Country Towns, by Shifts like these,  
And by a counterfeited Passie  
Oft whipping scape; but *Hudebras*  
Shall not secure thee from my Scourge;  
For though thy Wit can little urge  
A Poets Rage, yet who can see  
The foame of bale scurrility  
On such men thrown by foul-mouth'd Muse,  
And not a little Whipcord use?  
Which to a Halter I could twilt,  
And make thy Wreath on't (if I list)  
But such grosse Lines for Muie to weave,  
Is much beyond Poetick Leave;  
A Satyrnist may lash (no doubt)  
Eut not beyond his Whip Lash out;  
Thus to invade the Hangmans place  
With sledge and Halter; foul disgrace  
Of Poets Pen to treat of these,  
Which only Reader, Rout can please;  
Nay, (which the Muses more detest)  
To talk of Halters not in jest;  
A Poets Wit though ne're so keen,  
May be endur'd if without Spleen;  
But when the *Fard* once angry grows,  
His Wit outmatch'd, at best he shows.  
Then take thy swing I'll give thee Rope;  
Tangle thy self, I do not hope,  
Nor shall my wish extend to see,  
That Bishop lay his hands on thee,  
Which thou for *Calamy* and *Wild*  
Provided hast, in Verse so vil'd;  
That 'twere lesse Torture to be hung  
Out right, then thus be Ballad Sung  
By Sluttish Muse; let those that cry  
Kitchen-Stuffe to thy next reply;  
If more thou writest at this Rate,  
May'st thou be match'd at *Billingsgate*;  
Where with thy Hawkers on thy side,  
Thy prowess will be better try'd;  
No Regiment of Red-Coats Stout,  
But of Red-petty-Coats the Rout,  
For thy Encounter fittest are;  
So Farewell Womans Man of War.

FINIS.